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the suburbs of other cities individual gardens may rival the best in the suburbs of Philadelphia, but individual gardens in which is present that feeling for art such as ultimately produced the gardens of Italy and of England, abound in the suburbs of Philadelphia, while they are sporadic elsewhere.

It used to be remarked that Philadelphia was as monotonous in its appearance within the city as it was charmingly varied without. This was true twenty years ago; but to-day the transition stage has begun. The Fairmount Parkway marks the

beginning of an epoch. We look forward confidently to the passage of an ordinance, within two or three months, that will appropriate a sum to provide for the survey of the Schuylkill Embankments, a preliminary to the creation of river drives like those along the Seine in Paris and the Thames in London. The Schuylkill is just the right width for the purpose. In twenty years the beauty of exterior Philadelphia, chiefly the gift of nature, should be rivalled by an equal beauty in interior Philadelphia, chiefly the work of man.

Andrew Wright Crawford

THE TEN AMERICAN PAINTERS

THAT exhibitions by groups of artists who, being of a feather, flock together offer the best way to interest the public may seem proved by the success of the Ten. This year they closed their first score of annual shows in New York. There at the Montross Gallery were the old comrades, not forgetting one who is no longer living, for William M. Chase was represented by one of his magisterial canvases of still-life—a great red pompano, other fish, a brass basin, a basket. After all, there was no other bit of painting among the fifty that had an equal beauty of brushwork, equal life and color, equal sumptuousness and ease of craftsmanship to those in Chase's "kittle o' dead fish." But some people see nothing in still-life whatever—and others again want a story, and what story except a fisherman's yarn is there in a passel o' fish? Nevertheless the fish painted by the late Wm. M. Chase held the head of the gallery.

The landscapes and particularly the snowscapes of Willard L. Metcalf have a restful beauty; "May Morning" and "Tiger Lilies" show a poetic feeling for nature. Edward Simmons had a little "Sconset Beach" that recalls his old triumphs as a painter of shorescape. Alden Weir's portrait of a young woman is easy in pose and has sentiment in its tonality if not entirely satisfactory in the method of brushwork chosen for the subject. "Truants," "Boon Companions," "Lute Player" are done in differing moods. Childe Hassam favors now a pretty picturesque bit in water-color representing a street or country nook, and again a decorative piece on a larger scale, with figure in which colors are forced to the limit of a color theory. Thus his "Kitty Hughes" is not so much a *genre* picture of a young woman as an odalisk peeping through a curtain as it is an exercise in colors, in which the red, red apples too prominent in the foreground have infected Miss Kitty's abundant hair with a tone that never was. In fact the painter seems to ask you to consider technique, not use your fancy or

imagination. If Kitty Hughes has a story, it is deftly concealed.

Frank M. Benson continues to paint with vigorous brush in black and white the wild birds in lively motion or characteristic pose—egrets, pelican, wild geese, ducks—and in "The Open Window" approaches the chosen ground of Edmund C. Tarbell, painting the modern interior adorned with figures as if in memory of the old Hollanders. In a large rather bare room sits a young woman in a Chinese jacket, knitting. A red chair far to the left is cut by the frame and in color as well as place looks "out." The effect of sunlight struggling through curtains is well expressed, but in general it may be said that Benson has not succeeded very well in making one feel the atmospheric quality of such a room as Tarbell has often done it. When we turn to Mr. Tarbell's contributions, however, we miss that very charm of interior just mentioned. If formerly Mr. Benson was all for out-doors—for figures spangled with sharp sunlight and shadow or blown upon by gales, he is now attempting the kind of picture Mr. Tarbell made his own, while the latter has invaded Mr. Benson's outdoor field. "Going for a Ride" and "Edmund Jumping His Horse" make one regret the old softly dusk interiors of former exhibitions, while an interior such as "Nell and Elinor" makes the distress acute, so hard and harsh are the colors, so cold, so acerb. In truth one might fancy that Messrs. Tarbell and Benson through too much propinquity in Boston were growing to resemble the one the other and that in this fusion or inversion of function we are going to lose two good painters because they have become weary of repeating their own methods. It is certain that Mr. Tarbell does not apply satisfactorily the old Benson formula and that the Benson "dope," as the slang of the studio goes, does not work when taken by Tarbell. Both painters have reached the shoals when they are beginning to flounder about—the shoals of "technique."

